THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

We scarce could doubt our Father's power,
Though his greatness were untold
In the sacred record made for us
By the prophet-bards of old.

We must have felt his watchfulness
About us everywhere;
Though we had not learned, in the Holy Word,
How He keeps us in his care.

I almost think we should know his love,
And dream of his pardoning grace,
If we never had read how the Savior came,
To die for a sinful race.

For the sweetest parables of truth
In our daily pathway lie,
And we read without interpreter,
The writing on the sky.

The ravens, fed when they clamor, teach
The human heart to trust;
And the rain of goodness speaks, as it falls
On the unjust and the just.

The sunshine drops, like a leaf of gold,
From the book of light above;
And the lily's missal is written full
Of the words of a Father's love.

So, when we turn from the sacred page
Where the holy record lies,
And its gracious plans and promises
Are hidden from our eyes;

One open volume still is ours,
To read and understand;
And its living characters are writ
By our Father's loving hand.

—Phoebe Cary.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Chicago contemplates a population of ten million by the end of the twentieth century.

"The time has come for us to say that Lincoln was right and died for the right," says ex-Congressman Wise of Virginia, who was a colonel in the confederate army.

In Russia the churches are compelled to pay over to various institutions only remotely connected with ecclesiastical affairs about ninety-three per cent of their income. The Holy Synod gets twenty per cent. It is not surprising that Russian churches are poverty stricken.

The recent decision of the leaders of the Emmanuel movement in Boston that all cases treated by them in the future must first be examined by a regular physician is meeting with wide-spread approval. Some New York clergymen, it is said, however, are of opinion that a neurologist instead of the ordinary practitioner should be consulted.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, a noted Unitarian minister, has issued a book of reminiscences covering the first fifty years of his life. Dr. Collyer is 86 years old, and will doubtless write also concerning the later years of his life. Before he was nine years old he worked in a factory thirteen hours a day. Dr. Collyer was while in England a lay preacher in the Methodist Church for several years, working hard as a smith during the week and preaching on Sundays. His first pastorate in this country was with a Unitarian church in Chicago.

The opposition which has developed in China against the educational campaign of the two great English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, is one of the strongest evidences yet given of Asia's new idea of self-sufficiency. Severay months ago a joint committee from the two universities was appointed to consider the establishing of a university in China patterned on English lines, offering all branches of technical education. It is said that the Chinese board of education showed polite hostility to the movement. The North China Herald, commenting on this, says: "There are many indications that China is growing more and more averse to the cooperation of foreigners, and nowhere is this aversion being more openly shown than in education."

The Rev. Charles Stelzle of the department of labor of the Presbyterian Church has gone to Europe to make a study of industrial and social conditions among working people and to investigate the methods with which the churches and other organizations there are endeavoring to meet the situation. For some time Mr. Stelzle has contributed an article each week to the 350 labor papers in the United States. Born in the east-side tenement district in New York city, Mr. Telzle was a sweat-shop worker when eight years old; when a young man he entered a machine shop and served an apprenticeship for five years and later worked in one of the largest shops in New York. He is still an active member of the International Association of Machinists.

In a recent address in Baltimore Attorney-General Bonaparte spoke against the proposed amendment to the constitution of Maryland the adoption of which will disfranchise a large majority of the negro voters. He said in part: "Next November the voters of Maryland will say by their votes whether, for us and in our state, the world has stood still during the hundred years since Lincoln was born. Advocates of the amendment admit that its adoption will make Maryland a one-party state. In the few years of undisputed Democratic supremacy there grew up within the party a ring which has lived to this day, whose grasp on the party has never been loosened and whose grasp on the state and on this city the change in our organic law will rivet for unnumbered years, if not forever. The Attorney-General declared that the adoption of theh amendment would be a "merited reproach on enlightenment and patriotism," and that nothing could be "said in its favor beyond transparent sophistry and unworthy appeals to unworthy prejudice." He asserted that no Southern state has yet attempted disfranchising legislation so plainly vulnerable and so readily assailed.

"California, land of paradoxes, strengthens her claim to that title by planning to teach her citizens truth, beauty, righteousness on a grander scale than has been essayed anywhere else," says the New York Post. "The Legislature is about to consider the establishment of county public libraries under a general act which, it is hoped, will eventually bring into one huge system all the town libraries in the state, and carry books to the remotest ranch. To such magnificent proportions has the idea grown which, only a few years ago, was conceived and pushed to success by progressive counties in Ohio, Maryland, and Oregon. But, in attaining magnificence, it does not become chimerical. What one county can do unaided, all the counties of a state may easily accomplish in cooperation under a central management. The California plan exalts the Staate Librarian to a supervisor no less powerful, in his own field, than the superintendent of public instruction. If he is as efficient as powerful, he may hope to provide the world with the unique spectacle of an empire scattering rare editions and costly scientific books over wildernesses, up to the snow-line and back to the edge of the desert. Inter-county exchange and the pooling of funds could work the wonder."

In St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City there are 700 enrolled workers, 260 of whom are salaried. There are 7 clergymen, 2 deaconesses, 5 organists, 3 pianists, a physician, 7 nurses, 4 dentists, a druggist, a painter, a carpenter, 4 housekeepers, 9 kindergartners, 52 instructors in clubs and 3 parish visitors. On the volunteer list there are 63 physicians. One of the parish visitors writes: "The most of my time is spent in making calls and in charge of the clothing bureau. My office hours are from three to five, and at this

time many people come to me for help, advice, and comfort. This has been a hard year, and many of our people have been out of work. This generally means temporary help, as the rent and gas bills have been as insistent as ever. We generally find that, as soon as they can, they are glad to pay their bills and get along without grocery orders. Not long ago a pretty little woman came in and asked if she could borrow fifty cents until the following Tuesday. Tuesday morning early she came in with it. They are a brave little family—the kind we like to help. Her husband earns $30 a month as 'handy man.' Out of this meagre salary she pays $5 each month on a debt of $100 contracted to bring them from England. She has been doing this for five months, and still has $75 to pay. Fifteen months to look forward to, and yet they are both happy, for he has work. 'What can you do with an opera cape?' I was asked one day. I have in my mind at this moment a young woman who came to me two weeks ago and asked for that very article. She said she was earning her living by chaperoning girls to the opera and theatre. 'Of course,' she said, 'I cannot hold my position if I am not properly dressed, and yet I cannot afford to pay the price that such things cost.' I went to my shelf and gave her the choice of three, and she went away with a happy face, and, I am sure, a lighter heart."

A World's Missionary Conference is to be held in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 14-24, 1910. We quote from a statement by the American committee: "The twentieth century has opened a new and fateful chapter in the history of the world. The rapid progress in the unification of the world is one of the most startling features of our modern life. The problem of the relations of the different races one to another threatens to dwarf all other problems of the century. Some common ground on which men may meet in the spirit of brotherhood must be found, if the world is to be saved from disastrous conflict, and the Christian Church is called to accomplish this tremendous task through theh assertion of the unity of mankind in Jesus Christ. The contact of the East and West is, at the same time, giving rise to a ferment of ideas in the world of human thought. It is hardly possible that the hoary civilizations of Asia should be subjected to the inrush of new ideas, without an intellectual upheaval, comparable to the movement that shook the life of Europe at the Renaissance, and possibly surpassing it in the far-reaching influence of its effects. Such a period of living mental activity at once affords an exceptional opportunity for the rapid spread of Christian ideas, and constitutes a peril that will make severe demands on the courage and faith of the Christian Church. Of no less significance, from the Christian point of view, is the awakening of a new national spirit among non-Christian peoples. If enlightened and quickened by a true vision of Christ, this new spirit may be the means of regenerating the national life; while, on the other hand, if Christ should seem in the eyes of these peoples to be Western only, it may build up barriers that may exclude his gospel from these lands for centuries.'

Some very sensible recommendations were made at the recent conference of negroes at Tuskegee, Alabama. More than a thousand delegates were in attendance. Among the noteworthy recommendations were the following: "As representatives of 700,000 negro farmers of Alabama and of the South, we urge our people to assist in the enforcement of the laws against the liquor traffic, wherever they exist. As a people, we know the evils of the liquor business, and we should not fall into the habit, because the laws are made by some one else, of shirking our responsibility in seeing that they are enforced.—To negro farmers throughout the South, we say: Stick to the farm. The cities have proven a curse to too many of our race. In spite of hardships and special difficulties, we are making progress in the soil. In Alabama, alone, negro farmers paid taxes ten years ago on $7,000,000 worth of property; now they pay taxes on over $15,000,000.—To all our people in the rural districts we say: Stand by the rural schools. Do not let your children wander away to the cities because they cannot get proper schooling at home. We can improve our home schools. In a single year the farmers of one county of Alabama contributed $3,000 from their own pockets to lengthen their school terms and improve their school buildings. To our women we say: Make the home more attractive. Plant flowers in your garden. See that the house is painted or whitewashed, raise chickens and improve your cooking. We are glad to note, in this respect, an improvement in some of our country schools, where we are beginning to teach sewing, cooking, and with the aid of a school farm, practical farming in connection with the other school branches." One of our Southern exchanges comments on these recommendations as follows: "In domestic science, and practical education, the colored people are getting ahead of white girls and white women. We still insist and will never cease to insist that all of our girls and woman's colleges should have schools of Domestic Science, teaching the commerce and chemistry of the dining room and kitchen, the art of sanitary and successful home-making. We are surprised that our educated feminine philanthropists of the South are not leading the negroes, instead of having the negroes to lead us in practical and scientific home-making."

TO-DAY IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

The San Joaquin Valley occupies a position so nearly central in the great State of California that any boasting of it as "the heart of the state" would not be altogether absurd. Its boundaries have been thus described by another: "Commencing where the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers join to empty their waters into San Francisco Bay, an dextending from the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east to the Coast Range on the west, embracing a territory from 75 to 100 miles in width, the valley sweeps southward 250 miles, to where the Tehachapi mountains intersect with the Sierra and Coast ranges forming the line between so-called Northern and Southern California."

Frank Norris, in "The Octopus," pictures fairly the life of a generation or two ago in this valley, when the colossal wheat ranches were the centers of all its activity. Now these large holdings have been divided and subdivided into little fruit-farms and dairy ranches, and people from all over the world are pouring in to make homes for themselves. The eager, active American is, of course, largely in the majority, but foreign peoples are numerous. We meet on the streets of the towns and cities of this valley Greeks and Italians, Armenians and Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese—enough of these and the representatives of other nations to force the fact upon our attention daily that "foreign mission work at home" is not all a dream of contributors to

the missionary magazines. A group of black-turbaned "Hindoos" is an everyday sight. But it is enterprising farmers from all parts of the East—our own American "East"—who are dotting the valley with new homes, and with the help of an abundant water supply changing the dull sweep of parched grain fields to blossoming fruit orchards and wealth-producing vineyards.

Fourteen Congregational churches may now be found in this valley. Stockton is the oldest and largest in the sisterhood; and here Rev. Reuben Henry Sink has been pastor for twenty years. At Fresno the lover of the Pilgrim faith will find five Congregational churches, but he is likely to feel himself here a visitor to missions of the American Board rather than to home churches, for two of these are German, one Armenian, and one Japanese.

"Why two German Congregational churches in this place?" I once asked; and the reply was:

"The first church organized among these people grew very rapidly, and it was thought best to have another. So the second German church was organized, and both have made fine growth. The two work in perfect harmony, and the two pastors are like brothers—almost inseparable."

These churches have a membership of some three hundred each.

The work among the Armenians meets with considerable encouragement, under the pastoral leadership of Rev. H. K. Santikian. The Japanese Congregational church is an organization of the past year, and has a membership exceeding forty.

The First Church, Fresno, has had a checkered experience, from various causes. The church building is unfortunately located, and the main interest in this church just now is a new building scheme.

At Ceres a choice company of people have settled, drawn somewhat through the influence of the late Rev. Chas. A. Dickson, D.D., formerly of Berkeley Temple, Boston. A new church building costing $3000 was dedicated not long ago.

Porterville is building a new $25.000 church that is to be equipped for institutional work.

For thirty-four years Tulare church has struggled on, perplexed but not in despair by fires, removals, and, for a time, by the depressions incident to an irrigation district burdened with debt. At one time the parsonage burned; a few years later the church building was destroyed by fire. The church is again well housed, the town is now growing rapidly, the saloons were banished a year ago, and the day of material prosperity seems to have dawned.

All through this valley may be seen signs of a new awakening.

Tulare, February 19, 1909.

BILLY SUNDAY IN DREAMLAND RINK.

By Chas. E. Chase.

Billy Sunday came at the time appointed, fired the "two shots" loaded for San Francisco, and next morning went on his enthusiastic, bombastic, hilarious, pugnacious way, The bombardment was not with smokeless powder, and the report thereof was hardly less startling than that of the thunderer in Yankee Doodle Dandy.

One having heard Mr. Sunday more than once may, perhaps, be able to understand him in spite of the hit-the-gong hurry-up method, but in the first experience the show is pretty sure to obscure the message. It would be a rare circmustance indeed if one could attend to other than the acting of Brother Billy until becoming used to it. In live earnest evidently, and with the best motive, it is still acting, and carefully studied as to the particular effect of every situation, tearing of his collar, in a cool room, mounting the table while a colleague steadied it, dropping to the floor, waving a handkerchief, and all the rest. Not more painstaking is the sweet simplicity of David Warfield, though it is much more beautiful. Indeed one having heard these actors of the stage and pulpit will not so easily determine which is the greater artist and there may remain with him some doubt as to which one has the greater power for good.

But it need not be assumed with all his acting, that it is only make-believe, and that Mr. Sunday is insincere. Dramatic art may well be an approved weapon fitted to the hand of a good man, though temptation to overwork it it ubiquitous, as it is with certain situations in modern literature.

No, Mr. Sunday is not insincere. His preaching is not play. He means to do what he says he will, "Fight the devil to a finish"—even after his own "finish," for he declares in solemnly measured words, how he would leave a poor remnant of his mortal body to be tanned into leathr for drumheads upon which the faithful might beat a charge against the Soul's great Enemy. This publicly expressed desire is not quoted for its elegance nor its wisdom, it being both uncouth and meaningless to anyone but its author. But to him it evidently means much; it means for Mr. Sunday that there can be no limit to his opposition to the devil. How real to him that enemy must be no one knows but himself as no one needs to; but he seems to be very present and very personal, and, come when he may, there will be a chip on Mr. Sunday's shoulder, who had rather fight him than play ball.

And it appears to Mr. Sunday that hell is very near, both as a terror and a convenience, a sort of inferno-waste basket, handy recipient for the unworthy. In one address —in connection with torment—he names this abode of the lost, oftener than it is done in the New Testament. Let saloon keepers, non-temperance voters, commissioners and judges, let higher criticism or what-not that opposes verbal inspiration go plumb to——the basket. Indeed few others could be so easy or so bold in passing judgment. It would appear sometimes as though all the imprecatory psalms and doom songs of Israel were in brother Sunday as bitter herbs in a percolator. And how, really, can one understand the application of his borrowed figure of insignificance, one used by little General Funston and profane people generally. It is not quotable. It is that utterance which makes trifling the wail of a lost soul.

Yet it is said of Mr. Sunday, by Bishop Hughes and many others, that he is a man of sweet spirit and exemplary life, loving his fellows and devoted to Christ. And no one should deny it, even as no one can deny that Mr. Sunday is an unusual man, serving the Kingdom in an unusual way. Withal, he is a strange combination of impulse, grit, and grace, and his great usefulness justifies the line, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

But the good a man does may not justify all his ways. It is not good, for example, to cry from the tower all the evil we may know or imagine of a man or a church. Even these gentle taps from a soft shillalah in friendly criticism were out of place had not the subject of them vehemently shouted for such publicity. The tendency of many evange-

lists to advertise the failures of the church easily borders the precipice of falsehood. Mr. Sunday, for example, who would perhaps consign this criticism to his ready basket, shot a badly feathered arrow at the church he claims to love. "Expert" though he may be his wisdom is unwise in this, that he forgets the folly of destructive criticism in the absence of constructive, and the folly of knowing so positively too many things that are not so. Anyway, the place to rebuke the church is by itself alone; besides it should be remembered that a passion for surgery may cut where there is no cancer.

There would be no loss and much gain if Mr. Sunday could be heard to magnify more the Lord who saves him than the enemy who seeks his destruction. Why make hard that which should be easy, and why therefore forget that th easiest conquest of sin and Satan is by the exaltation of Christ, whose lifting up eventuates in the drawing of the nations? He who writes this would not presume to instruct a specialist in evangelistic methods but he has an experience, and the authority of Scripture to justify his belief that the message of grace and a Savior's love can be ucoched in much better and more appropriate terms than Mr. Sunday employs.

It is often claimed for the evangelist that his success is due to rough manners and rude speech. But does anybody know that this is true, this which gives small credit to his personality and to his faith? Does anybody know that the same consecration, the same love for men, the same enthusiasm, would be less effective if clothed with courtesy? Did Paul, one can but wonder, who would be all things to all men, suppose an evangelist could assist the Spirit by disarranging his clothes, mounting a table on a platform already higher than the heads of his audience, and assuming any number of grotesque attitudes? It cannot be so. In spite of these things and not because of them does Mr. Sunday win men more than superficially, and bring them to Christ.

It is unfortunate, also, when an evangelist exhibits so much self appreciation that he must occasionaly pause to adjust a misplaced halo by confessing his humility. At least here in California to find men's hearts,—their purses too, as it appeared—one must not speak too much of personal sacrifice, of "how good I am to come here," and all that. Indeed that is not the truest service of love which, unlike Mary with her perfume, counts so much the cost; not the best service of love at any time or place that embarrasses the recipient with reminders of expense. Of course Mr. Sunday would fly far from the "I am better than thou" ideal, yet he unfortunately gives the "you are not so good as I" impression. This may really have had something to do with San Francisco's easy resignation to the fact that the evangelist must hasten on to his "two years ahead" engagements in other fields.

Withal, then, what was the best we saw of Mr. Sunday in Dreamland Rink. It was the superior executive ability, the admirable dramatic art, mastery of the situation, and the fearless enthusiasm. What should have been seen and heard that was missing? To meet the general expectation, from the text selected there should have been a better sermon, with fewer generalities, denunciations and judgments, and with much more of definite personal appeal. There should have been more of the Savior and less of the Adversary. There should have been at least some courtesy and some reverence. Of what was there too much? There was too much noise, too much motion, and a penchant too great for condemnation. Though the terms of profanity were nearly absent the spirit of it was in some moments suffocating, and unless only the obscene is vulgar, there was too much vulgarity.

After all this it should be said of brother Sunday that he is a great preacher, a wonderful evangelist, always and best of all a good man. But he is a chained eagle, and how great would be his flight if liberated from the dross of his peculiar nature is something which invites sypathetic imagination to a long journey in his cheerful company.

AN ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON MISSIONS

[The Methodist Episcopal Church held a mass meeting in Washington on the 18th of January in the interests of the African Diamond Jubilee. The address by Roosevelt was given at that time. We do not give it here in full. Coming from the chief magistrate of a great nation, such an address is highly significant.—Editor.]

'There is one feature in the expansion of the peoples of white, or European, blood during the last four centuries which should never be lost sight of, especially by those who denounce such expansion on moral grounds. On the whole, the movement has been fraught with lasting benefit to most of the peoples already dwelling in the lands over which the expansion took place. Of course, any such general statement as this must be understood with the necessary reservations. Human nature being what it is, no movement lasting for four centurries and extending in one shape or another over the major part of the world could go on without cruel injustices being done at certain places and in certain times.

"Occasionally, although not very frequently, a mild and kindly race has been treated with wanton, brutal and ruthless inhumanity by the white intruders. Moreover, mere savages, whose type of life was so primitive as to be absolutely incompatible with the existence of civilization, inevitably died out from the regions across which their sparse bands occasionally flitted, when these regions became filled with a dense population; they died out when they were kindly treated as quickly as when they were badly treated, for the simple reason that they were so little advanced that the conditions of life necessary to their existence were incompatible with any form of higher and better existence. It is also true that, even where great good has been done to the already existing inhabitants, where they have thriven under the new rule, it has sometimes brought with it discontent from the very fact that it has brought with it a certain amount of wellbeing and a certain amount of knowledge, so that people have learned enough to feel discontented and have prospered enough to be able to show their discontent. Such ingratitude is natural, and must be reckoned with as such, but it is also both unwarranted and foolish, and the fact of its existence in any given case does not justify any change of attitude on our part.

There have been very dark spots in the European conquest and control of Africa; but on the whole the African regions which during the last century have seen the greatest cruelty, degradation and suffering, the greatest diminution of poulation, are those where native control has been unchecked. The advance has been made in the regions that have been under European control or influence; that have been profoundly influenced by European administrators and by European and American Missionaries. Of course, the best that can happen to any people that has not already a high civilization of its own is to assimilate and profit by

American or European ideas, the ideas of civilization and Christianity, without submitting to alien control; but such control, in spite of all its defects, is in a very large number of cases the prerequisite condition to the moral and material advance of the peoples who dwell in the darker corners of the earth. Where the control is exercised brutally, where it is made use of merely to exploit the natives, without regard to their physical or moral wellbeing, it should be unsparingly criticized, and there should be resolute insistence on amendment and reform; but we must not, because of occasional wrongdoing, blind ourselves to the fact that on the whole the white administrator and the Christian missionary have exercised a profound and wholesome influence for good in savage regions.

"Let me illustrate what I mean by particularly alluding to three cases, Algiers, India and the Philippines. The North African coast was a mere nest of pirates during the first century. Punitive expeditions were sent against these pirates again and again, but they could not be permanently suppressed by such expeditions, and all the great commercial nations were forced to pay them a more or less thinly disguised tribute to blackmail. The United States was among the number. It was the French conquest of Algiers which put a final stop to this blackmail, and it also put a stop to the unspeakable barbarism and cruelty inevitably attendant upon the slave hunting piracy of the dwellers in the independent North African States. In other words, the independence of these States was a menace to every peaceful people, and incidentally it meant dreadful wrong and injustice within the States themselves.

"In India we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region in another continent. It is the greatest feat of the kind that has been performed since the break-up of the Roman Empire. Indeed, it is a greater feat than was performed under the Roman Empire. Unquestionably mistakes have been made; it would indicate qualities literally superhuman if so gigantic a task had been accomplished without mistakes. It is easy enough to point out shortcomings; but the fact remains that the successful administration of the Indian Empire by the English has been one of the most notable and most admirable achievements of the white race during the last two centuries. On the whole it has been for the immeasurable benefit of the natives of India themselves. Suffering has been caused in particular cases and at particular times to those natives; much more often, I believe by well intended ignorance or bad judgment than by any moral obliquity. But on the whole there has been a far more resolute effort to do justice, a far more resolute effort to secure fair treatment for the humble and the oppressed during the days of Englisn rule in India than during any other period of recorded Indian history. England does not draw a penny from India for English purposes; she spends for India the revenues raised in India, and they are spent for the benefit of the Indians themselves.

"Undoubtedly India is a less pleasant place than formerly for he heads of tyranical States. There is now little or no room in it for successful freebooter chieftains, for the despots who lived in gorgeous splendor while under their cruel rule the immense mass of their countrymen festered in sodden misery; but the mass of the people have been and are far better off than ever before, and far better off than they would now be if English control were overthrown or withdrawn. Indeed, if English control were now withdrawn from India the whole peninsular would become a chaos of bloodshed and violence; all the weaker peoples, and the most industrious and law-abiding, would be plundered and forced to submit to indescribable wrong and oppression, and the only beneficiaries among the natives would be the lawless, violent and bloodthirsty. I have no question that there are reforms to be advanced—this is merely another way of saying that the government has been human; I have also no question that there is being made a successful effort to accomplish these reforms, but the great salient fact is that the presence of the English in India, like the presence of the English in Egypt and the Soudan, of the French in Algiers, of the Russians in Turkestan, of the Germans in Southwest Africa and East Africa (and of all these people and of other white peoples in many other places), has been for the advantage of mankind. Every well wisher of mankind, every true friend of humanity, should realize that the part England has played in India has been to the immeasurable advantage of India and for the honor and profit of civilization, and should feel profound satisfaction in the stability and permanence of English rule. I have seen many American missionaries who have come from India, and I cannot overstate the terms of admiration in which they speak of the English rule in India and of the incalculable benefits it has conferred and is conferring upon the natives.

Experience in the Philippines.

"Finally, take our own experience in the Philippines. Spain annually lots power to be of benefit to the Islands; but do not forget that Spain accomplished very, very much for them during more than two centuries, and that the islands owe their present possibilities to the fact that the Spaniards took possession of them. Then we came in. I am sure that when international history is written, from the standpoint of acclaiming international justice, one chapter will tell with heartiest praise what our people have done in the Philippines. Exactly as in the Caribbean Sea we have endeavored to give genuine and disinterested help to the independent peoples of Cuba and San Domingo, so, in the same spirit—though the task is of quite different character—we are endeavoring to educate and train the native races under our sovereignty in the Philippines. In our treatment of the Filipinos we have acted up to the highest standard that has yet been set as marking the proper way in which a powerful and advanced nation should treat a weaker people. Cuba we are at this moment leaving for the second time to work out a destiny which we now hope and believe will be one of stable and orderly independence and prosperity.

"In the Philippines we are constantly giving an increasing measure of self-government. Of course, in one sense of the word self-government can never be bestowed by outsiders upon any people. It must be achieved by themselves. It means in this sense primarily self-control, self-restraint, and if those qualities do not exist—that is, if the people are unable to govern themselves—then, as there must be government somewhere, it has to come from outside. But we are constantly giving to the people of the Philippines an increasing share in, an increasing opportunity to learn by practice, the difficult art of self-government. If we had abandoned them at the outset to their own devices, if we had shirked our duty and sailed out of the islands, leaving them in the bloody welter of confusion, the chief sufferers would have been the Philippine people themselves. We are leading them forward steadily in the right direction, and we are doing it because our people at home desire that they shall be treated right, and because our people in the

islands, in the civil government, in the army and among the missionary representatives of the various creeds, work primarily for the advancement of the people among whom they dwell. I believe that I am speaking with historic accuracy and impartiality when I say that the American treatment of and attitude toward the Filipino people, in its combination of disinterested ethical purposes and sound common sense, marks a new and long stride forward, in advance of all steps that have hitherto been taken along the paths of wise and proper treatment of weaker by stronger races.

Missionary Work in Foreign Lands.

"Now, in speaking to-night I wish to lay stress upon the missionary side of the general work in the foreign lands. America has for over a century done its share of missionary work. We who stay at home should as a matter of duty give cordial support to those who in a spirit of devotion to all that is highest in human nature spend the best part of their lives in trying to carry civilization and Christianity into lands which have hitherto known little or nothing of either. The work is vast, and is done under many and widely varied conditions. Personally I have always been particularly interested, for instance, in the extraordinary work done by the American schools and colleges in the Turkish Empire, both Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia—a work which has borne such wonderful fruit among the Bulgarians, among Syrian and Armenian Christians, and also among the Mahometans; and this although among the Mahometans there has been no effort to convert them, simply an effort to make them good citizens, to make them vie with their fellow citizens who are Christians in showing those qualities which it should be the pride of every creed to develop; and the present movement to introduce far-reaching and genuine reforms, political and social, in Turkey, an effort with which we all keenly sympathize, is one in which these young Moslems, educated at the American schools and colleges, are especially fitted to take part.

"Bishop Hartzell's work has been done in Africa, the continent in which of all others there has been the most need for Christian work, and in which that work shows signs of reaching its widest development. It has been indeed a Dark Continent, and some of the white men who have gone thither have by their acts deepened the gloom. Let us as a race be thankful that so many other men have gone thither to strive for the uplift of the people, to strive for the betterment of conditions. Our own country has in the past committed grave wrong against Africa for which it should amply atone, and no better atonement can be made than that which is being made by the American missionaries of every creed and Church, who are now doing much in almost every corner of Africa for the physical, the intellectual and the moral betterment of the people. I hope there will be the most hearty support of these men who in far off regions are fighting for progress in things of the spirit no less than in things of the body. Let us help them to make the missions centers of industrial no less than of ethical teaching; for unless we raise the savage in industrial efficiency we cannot permanently keep him on a high plane of moral efficiency, nor yet can we render him able to hold his own in the world.

A New Africa at Hand.

"The twentieth century will see and is now seeing the transformation of Africa into a new world. Within a few years its vast domain has been partitioned among various European nations. These nations are expending enormous sums of money and utilizing their best statesmanship and colonizing abilities in the development of colonial empires of wide extent and extraordinary material possilibities. Steamship lines encircle the continent. A continental system of railways and of lake and river steamboats will soon extend northward from Cape Town six thousand miles to Cairo, while branch lines will unite the East and West coasts at several points. The latest results of science are being utilized in mining and agriculture, while scholary experts in different centers of Europe are studying the questions of native languages and religions, as well as the best methods of advancing civilization among the many millions of native peoples. The wealth of the commerce which will be developed cannot be estimated. The white man rules; but there is only one white man on the continent, to one hundred others, who are either barbaric black heathen or fanatical Mohametans.

Self-interest and competition will, I believe, unite in making the governments fair to the people, and the indomitable energy of the adventurous settlers and the wealth of the nations behind them will result in exploiting the vast commercial resources of the continents. But there is a question that is larger than either government or trade, and that is the moral well-being of these vast millions who have come under the protection of modern governments. The representative of the Christian religion must have his place side by side with the man of government and trade, and for generations that representative must be supplied in the person of the foreign missionary from America and Europe. Civilization can only be permanent and continue a blessing to any people if, in addition to promoting their material well-being it also stands for an orderly individual liberty, for the growth of intelligence, and for equal justice in the administration of law. Christianity alone meets these fundamental requirements.

"The change of sentiment in favor of the foreign missionary in a single generation has been remarkable. The whole world, which is rapidly coming into neighborhood relations, is recognizing as never before the real needs of mankind, and is ready to approve and strengthen all the moral forces which stand for the uplift of humanity. There must be government for the orderly and permanent development of society. There must be intercourse among peoples in the interests of commerce and growth. But, above all, there must be moral power, established and maintained under the leadership of good men and women. The upright and far-seeing statesman, the honest and capable trader, the devoted Christian missionary represents the combined forces which are to change the Africa of today into the greater and better Africa of the future.

"The responsibility of America for the moral wellbeing of the people of Africa is manifest. Our wealth and power have given us a place of influence among the nations of the world. But world-wide influence and power mean more than dollars or social, intellectual or industrial supremacy. They involve a responsibility for the moral welfare of others which cannot be evaded.

"The responsibility of America toward Africa is emphasized because of our past history, and because of the number of our citizens who are of African descent. As a result of the African slave trade, the crime of the ages, and of two and a half centuries of slavery in America, the United States has nearly 10,000,000 of colored people as a part of its citizenship. No other country outside of Africa

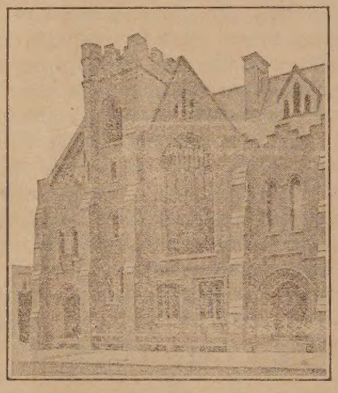
has so large a Negro population; and what is more, there are no other 10,000,000 Negroes in the world who own so much property and have as large a percentage who are intelligent, moral and thrifty. The education and uplift of the American Negro now going forward should be accomplished by the increase of the missionary and Christian forces on the continent from which his ancestors came. The number of those who go as missionaries to Africa will increase; and it is unreasonable to suppose that a large share of the leadership for the evangelization of the continent will be furnished from among our own colored leaders in America.

A SPLENDID WORK.

The Green Street Church work in San Francisco is an exceedingly important work, and Mr. and Mrs. Walz are leading in it in an ideal manner.

Last week the First Congregational Church of Oakland voted $1000 from its benevolence fund to aid in the completion of the building. Something like $4000 is yet needed to secure the conditional pledge of $5000 by a friend in the East.

Some California friends who gave during the last



year to the building fund are doubling their gifts. We hope that many others will add to what they have already given, and that all who have not given will give something when the matter is presented in their church. All the churches in the Northern California Conference have been asked by the directors of the conference to present the Green Street cause on Mar. 14, or at an early date thereafter. But gifts should come from people and churches beyond the bounds of this conference. And we urge, all our readers to earnestly consider the Green Street work and see if they cannot send some contributions to the pastor, the Rev. E. L. Walz, at 613 Green Street, San Francisco.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR MARCH 4.

Life Lesons from the Psalms. (Ps. 46:1-11)

(Consecration Meeting.)

Rev. Henry Kendall Booth.

No part of the Old Testament is so familiar or so well beloved as the Book of Psalms. It runs the whole gamut of human nature and touches life at every point. Its lessons are so manifold and so practical that every reader of the Psalms must find some truth that takes hold of him, some lesson especially applicable to his own peculiar circumstances and experience. Therefore the leader of the consecration meeting might seek to have each member respond to the roll-call with some passage from the Psalms, stating briefly the life lesson conveyed thereby him. Such a meeting ought to be rich in spiritual uplift and power.

Or the leader may assign to the members some of the subjoined topics, asking each one to select a text from the psalm assigned, which best embodies the life-lesson that the psalm teaches.

1. The Glory of God. Psalms 19, 99.
2. The presence of God in nature. Psalms 96, 104.
3. The praise of God. Psalms 147, 148.
4. The judge of all the earth. 9, 10.
5. In His image. Psalm 8.
6. The righteous and the wicked. Psalm 1.
7. The mystery of evil. Psalm 73.
8. The end of the wicked. Psalm 37.
9. The anguish of the sinner. Psalms 6, 38.
10. The prayer of the contrite heart. Psalm 51.
11. The riches of God's forgiveness. Psalms 32, 103.
12. The loving-kindness of God. Psalms 23, 107, 145.
13. The cry from the depths. Psalms 55, 42, 22, 130.
14. The eternal refuge. Psalms 91, 121.
15. The strength of the Divine deliverance. Psalm 27.
16. The soul's longing for God. Psalm 63.
17. God's knowledge of the soul. Psalm 139.
18. The law of the Lord. Psalm 119.
19. A national hymn. Psalm 33.
20. The consecration of life. Psalms 15, 16.
21. A psalm of victory. Psalm 18.
22. The hope of immortality. Psalm 16.

Many other topics will doubtless suggest themselves to the leader, especially upon perusal of the titles, prefixed to the psalms themselves. And even if, in response to their names, only a text or a passage be repeated without comment, yet so varied are the themes, so all important are the truths, and so rich the religious experiences embodied in these psalms, that this meting ought to be one of the most helpful and inspiring of the consecration-meetings of the year.

FAITH IN FOLKS.

By Marianne Farningham.

Good and wise, if quaint and homely,
Is this motto for our living;
Lack of faith brings many sorrows,
Trusting souls are rich through giving;
Cold suspicion leads to strife,
Faith makes beautiful all life.

Summer has November in it
If we do not trust each other;
Gloom is in the heart of any
Who must always blame a brother;
Life has roses all the year
For the man of kindly cheer.

Evil dreams and fears assault him
Who the worst is ever thinking;
Who looks sourly on the world
Gall and wormwood has for drinking;
Therefore, let thy spirit thirst,
Be not swift to think the worst.

Let thy heart be strong for loving,
Judge not others are deceiving,
God is Father of us all,
Therefore live and love, believing;
Faith inspires true faithfulness,
Trust, and love all life shall bless.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woee!

But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And he fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"

* * * * *

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled in dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the ear,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!

But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There has whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"

* * * * *

I saw a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear, gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosom had fled.

But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

—Mrs. Dana.

MINISTER'S MEETING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to a very interesting talk by the Rev. L. L. Wirt—a sketch of his work during the years that he was in New South Wales and in England.

The address which Professor Ritter of the University of California was announced to give on Darwin was postponed to next Monday, the professor being called away from home unexpectedly.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Loomis.—There were two additions to the membership of this church Sunday, Feb. 21st.

Berkeley, Park.—This church loses seven of its best members by removal from Berkeley to Alameda and Oakland.

Oakland, First.—The board of trustees has voted $1000 to the Green Street Church, San Francisco, from funds now on hand.

San Francisco, First.—The foreign missionary offering of this church is the largest it has made for six years. It will be about $800.

North Berkeley.—The pulpit was occupied Sunday morning by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond who asked for $100 for the work of the Chinese Mission, and received $110 in cash and pledges. In the evening there were exercises by the members of the Berkeley Chinese Mission. An exceedingly instructive and striking address was given by K. T. Dang of the Mission on "The Effect of Our Work Here on the Work in China."

San Francisco, Richmond.—Miss Winifred Margaret Coombe, eldest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Philip Coombe, of San Francisco, was married Wednesday evening, February 10th, to Mr. Peter Rust Peterson, of Colusa county, Rev. Chas. E. Chase officiating. In compliance with the special wish of the bride the marriage took place in the Richmond Congregational Church, which was erected during the pastorate and largely through the efforts of her father. The beautiful auditorium was handsomely decorated for the occasion with fruit blossoms and palms. Mrs. Peterson is a charming young woman, a graduate of Mills College. Mr. Peterson is a successful business man of Colusa county.

Campbell.—The Christian Endevor Society, on C. E. Day, took charge of the Endeavor service and church service also, with a special programme. One feature was a "Puzzle Story," by the pastor, and offering a prize to the member of the Endeavor who would bring in the best and most ingenious solution of the mystery. On Lincoln Memorial Sunday the pastor arranged a special Lincoln anniversary service, inviting the members of the G. A. R. who attended in a body. One event of more than local interest took place at the Campbell High School Feb. 12. It was the dedication of a beautiful bronze tablet containing Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address. The pastor of the Campbell church took part with others. One feature of the exercises was "Personal Remembrances of Lincoln" by one who was one of President Lincoln's aids on that day at Gettysburg.

San Jacinto.—The sad news has come to this church that our former pastor, Rev. H. E. Merrill, died of pneumonia this morning at his home in Fairlee, Vermont. Our

deepest sympathy and prayers are extended to the bereaved wife and two little girls. We shall ever remember his faithful labor of five years among us; always lifting up the banner of the cross, sorrowing with those who mourned, always ready to give words of comfort and cheer as well as personal assistance. His health had improved so much that he was doing active service in the Sabbath Protective League for the state of Vermont.— Mr. and Mrs. E. Mead, Sr., of San Jacinto, recently celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary, by receiving friends during the afternoon, who had prepared some very appropriate messages for them, in music, poems and life sketches. Their daughters were assisted by friends in serving refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Mead have been deeply interested in the welfare of the San Jacinto church ever since its organization, nearly twenty-three years ago. Their pew has seldom been vacant at the morning services. Several years ago he was chosen deacon for life. She has just been re-elected President of theh W. H. and Foreign Missionary Society.

WASHINGTON.

Spokane, Plymouth.—At the recent annual meeting $1,200 was pledged to liquidate the debt on the parsonage. The reports showed all departments of the church to be in excellent condition. An enthusiastic and efficient work is being done in the Sunday-school.

Silvana.—Rev. J. M. Dick organized a church here on Jan. 31st, with ten members, all on confession of faith; others will follow. This is a Norwegian settlement where theh Lutheran churuch is failing to hold the younger element. On the same day Mr. Dick "dropped in" at East Meadowdale on his way home and reorganized the church there of which a fuller account will soon appear.

Kirkland.—Since theh coming of Rev. C. E. Newberry last September the church has taken on new life. There is a band of twenty-five or thirty young people interested in the work and several of the older members who had lost hope have become interested again and the town is recovering from a long period of depression. Mr. Newberry is at present the only resident pastor on the field.

Bellevue.—A Lincoln Day entertainment was closed by an effort to raise enough money to liquidate the debt on the parsonage. In all $480 was raised, and it will not only pay the debt but will make possible an addition of three bed-rooms and a bath room. The Rev. R. C. Gale of the Church Extension Society was present and led in the effort to raise the money. The Rev. Arthur B. Strong, the pastor, made the first pledge.

Rosedale.—For ten years there has been a Union Sunday-school here but it now becomes Congregational. Some years ago land was given and a $1500 church was built by the people in a union effort; but all except one man and his wife have voted to form a Congregational church, so in all probability the new church will start out with a good equipment. Rev. W. Major Upcraft will add this field to Longbranch. Rev. J. M. Dick has helped to bring this to pass.

Seattle, Green Lake.—Eight members of the Brotherhood of this church told in a few words at the morning service Sunday, Feb. 17th, about the work of our missionary societies including the Church Extension Society of Seattle. The service was very helpful in creating an interest in our denominational work. For three months the Brotherhood has conducted a morning service but soon the efforts will be spent on the evening service. Feb 12th the church united with the G. A. R., ladies of the G. A. R., and I. O. G. T. in a Lincoln memorial service which filled the house. A poem was read which had been received by Mrs. Clarke, the pastor's wife, prepared for the G. A. R. Lincoln celebration at Philadelphia. Readings, music, and an address by Judge McDonald and one by Rev. W. H. Harrington completed the program.

Joint Missioinary Campaign.—An all day meeting of the pastors and laymen of Seattle and vicinity will be held at Plymouth Church, Seattle, March 5th, in the interests of the American Board, the Home Missionary Sociey and the American Missionary Association. No contributions will be asked for; the purpose of the meeting is to interest our churches in the great work these societies are doing and to plan for our share of their work. With a great opportunity for a forward movement these societies are facing a debt that will compel retrenchment if our loyal people do not come at once to the rescue. The joint debt is less than one of these societies has faced and met. There is a nation wide campaign under way and doubtless the debt will be raised and the societies will be assured of support adequate to warrant a larger work. As one generation of givers passes beyond a succeeding one must learn of the world-wide work. Probably the rapid changes in church methods the last few years has left a gap and a campaign of education will be necessary before our socieies are doing what they should. Then, too, the scope of missionary endeavor is wider than formerly both in theh kinds of work undertaken and in the number of fields to be reached. Locally our churches are in need of this broader outlook as they are as never before prepared to assume responsibilities for the missionary work of the denomination, and doubtless they will rise to the occasion. Superintendent Scudder will have returned from the meeting of the Board of Directors and the Superintendents and a tour of New England in this tri-society campaign and will have some interesting and important things to tell us about the work of our State Home Missionary Society and about this wider movement. It is hoped that the church will be full at all the sessions.

THE HOME

REAL AND PRETENDED IDEALS.

Although the subject has been pressed home more than once to every reader of these lines, few of us, after all, fully appreciate the molding, influence which our ideals, rather than our spoken words, have in our homes. We all know women who pretend that they would rather have their children Christians than anything else, yet who deliberately encourage them in worldliness and all sorts of surface accomplishments before spirituality. In a certain Christian household, for example, the mother entertained in her soul a feeling that men could not be as pure minded and as good as girls.

"You can't make mollycoddles of your boys," she said to friends in private. "A man has got to know the world. He has got to sow some wild oats or he can never take his place among men."

That mother died of a broken heart. One of her sons is a wanderer on the face of the earth, shut out from all decent households; two others died from their excesses; a fourth was saved only by the efforts of a devoted minister. She said to her children, "Go to church, read the Bible, love whatsover things are honest, pure and of good report, and practice them." Her heart said: "I know you cannot be very good and I don't expect it. Neither does the world. You will have to sin a little and we will all wink at it, but you must not go too far. You must end as respectable men."

It was her heart and not her tongue which had the molding influence. One thinks of Emerson's, "How can I hear what you say when what you are is thundering so in my ears?"

An ideal of absolute purity, charity, unselfishness must be preached to our children, and the mother, the father, the pastor must all believe in it to their soul's core, and long and labor for its realization. It will probably never in this world be quite attained, but let the ideal never, even in thought, be lowered.

Beware how you laugh at a child who tells you of a "good time" which to you seems tame and insipid. Many a youngster is given a distaste for simple joys and a hunger for the artificial and the sensational because his elders made fun of his expressions of pleasure at a trifle.

Conversely, let us express our own delight in the simple and the true. "What a lovely evening we are having at home together! To have Mary and Tom to play for us and papa to read a good story and a poem is worth more than the most thrilling melodrama that was ever acted." Or, "How good you have been all this afternoon. You have made your father and me very happy. What a nice day we have had! Let us have another as soon as we can."

A right ideal of a truly good time is something which half of even our good people do not possess.

The ideal gentleman is another object which too many of us fail to make plain to our children. He is, perhaps, a harder creature to find than the ideal lady. Sometimes the master of the house impersonates him admirably. Without casting any reflections upon him, in case he falls short in certain particulars, it may be wise to refer from time to time to other men.

"How beautifully Dr. Blank spoke this evening! His language is always refined and expressive. If I could use the English tongue is he does it would make me very happy. One cannot imagine him swearing or using coarse slang."

"Mr. Smith is a perfect gentleman. He is never seen twirling a cane along the street, or holding a cigar off, with an air of 'See how graceful and fashionable I am!' He is a man through and through, a thinking, noble man. He never does things just because others do. He thinks everything out for himself, and tries to do what is right, without regard to other people."

Perhaps it is not an extravagant statement to say that, if our boys knew just what a Christian gentleman is, but a small proportion of them would go astray. They have too often nothing adequate to aim at, no proper standard upon which to model themselves. Again, they think they are "having fun" when they are really having a disagreeable time, which they often have to become inured to in order to like it. They aim to be like rowdies, or semi-rowdies, because they see no real gentlemen; they drink and smoke and gamble, because they have not been taught the joy of higher pleasures and this often when they come from homes where the pretended ideals are high, but the real ones, hid from sight but none the less effective, are low and mean.—Kate Upson Clark.

THAT EASY YOKE, AND HOW SHE FOUND REST.

My helper, who comes when there is an unusually hard day for cleaning, scrubbing, or laundry work, is a genius.

Imagine a quaint, strong, bright woman, who is running clothes through a wringer, while, for reasons of my own, I am at work near by with the clear starch on fine garments.

"Yes, mum, I find time to rest now. Jake—you know—is—is shiftless-like, and so that keeps me purty busy. I don't reckon Jake's to blame for his no-account sort of ways. You see, the Lord made him out of odds and ends of both families, the Crampses and Gunnses. They'd had fourteen children when Jake was born, and he was sort of weakly, and they never made him work, and you can't change a man's habits any more'n you coud turn the Mississippi back into the brook where it first started from.

"You see, when I married I didn't know as much as I do now. My mother told me I'd better look before I leaped, but I thought I knew what I was about, and took the leap—then I looked! Well, if a girl gets a man that won't work, there's just two things for her to do—set down in dirt or do double. Here, do you want this 'ere dressing-saque?

"Ever get discouraged? Well, yes, I should if I thought 'twas any use.The children've got to be raised, and got to be fed and clothed, and they've got have an education. Supposin' I got discouraged? That wouln't mend matters. All there is on earth to do is, jes' to go on.

"Can't I make Jim work?" Here there was a long pause, and I caught a glimpse of the strong arms giving the clothes in the blueing a hard punch. A big sigh followed the punching of the clothes before my big Socrates replied:

"I used to try it; but I found that wore worser on me than all the other things put together. Talk about 'nerves' and 'nervous women, I found that, with me, 'nerves' meant temper. It was just dreadful what a state I'd work myself into when I couldn't make things go as I wanted 'em to. I got so I hated myself; and almost hated Jake. I knew that'd never do. That was about the time I got religion. I soon found out that when I'd had a particular hard day at a particular trying place, the fact that I had most of the earning to do, and Jake's not—not—wanting to work, pricked and jabbed and rasped and stung more'n usual. I thought the thing out, and I knew I'd got to do something or else give up workin' at places where my upsetting sins got most stirred up."

"Gave up work, Mrs. Gunn?" I asked.

"Yes, at them trying places where a woman expects yo to do a five-dollar job for two dollars; treats you as though you were a dog, and then makes you wait for your pay. I found I always lost my temper easy after I'd worked all day at one of them places, and it looked as though I couldn't ask the Lord to not lead me into temptation, when I took a bit in my own mouth and deliberately went in to temptation. Do you think I could?"

Here the clothes went gently through the wringer, but the flow of inspiration seemed to cease. The pierian spring stopped bubbling, so I asked another question to start the flow again.

"Do you mean how'd I stop my upsetting sins, 'specially my temper, getting the upper hand of me? I quit working so hard, and I quit going to places where I got rasped and always went home feeling ugly. I don't go to no such places now. You see, I don't have to. A woman can do lots more work when she can do it in peace; and then there's no internal fret and upheaval; she aint near so tired out when she's through, neither.

"You see, if you're a Christian it helps. I don't mean just a Church member, but—well—you know. When I first got religion I thought that if I wanted to get rid of upsetting sins, 'specially my crossness, all that I'd got to do was cry, 'Lord! Lord!' long enough, and I'd be a saint of the first water; so I used to go to meettin' and pray and pray for deliverance. After awhile I used to go out into our barn, up in the loft, Sunday afternoon, and just cry to God for help; and one day, all of a sudden, when I was a-readin' my Bible and praying over that place where Christ says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest'—you know?"

"I said, "Yes, I know."

"Well! I was readin' that verse and holding out my hands for him to give me that rest right into 'em when I struck the next verse, 'Take my yoke upon you,' 'Learn of me,' and I found I'd got something to do besides cry, 'Lord! Lord!' The 'yoke' might be 'easy,' but still it had a meaning," and here Mrs. Gunn came over to my basin to take my work into her own hands.

I paused and said, "That is interesting. How did it end?"

"You used to live on a farm?" she replied in a questioning tone. I nodded. "I knew if I took a 'yoke' on me I must not only go to work, but I'd got to obey somebody; and it was all right there, in that verse, 'Learn of me.' 'Come unto me,' all ye that labor,' 'I will give you rest'—'if you learn of me.' It was jest wonderful how the light shone on those verses that day."

I looked at the shining face of the woman beside me, and smiled.

"You see, it was my heart that was tired. It wasn't rest from work I wanted, but 'rest' while I worked. It was the worry, the fret, and the things that made me uncomfortable, that there were the hardest part of my ife See?" and the woman looked eagerly into my face.

"I understand," I replied.

"Wall, I thought you would. It is the queerest thing, I declare; but the rest that come that day into my soul when I understood about the 'yoke' has never left me. There is a sort of real joy in doing things when I knowI'm learning of the Master. I can't explain how 'tis, but that day I made up my mind that I must have rest, and said, 'Lord, I'll do anything if you will only show me how,' such a sweet, homey, comfortable, quiet peace come straight into my heart.

"I made up my mind, right then and there, Jake or no Jake, work or no work, I was going to keep this beautiful great sweetness that had no fret inside. If ever a woman needed it, with what I'd got before me—six children to feed and clothe and educate, and Jake beside—if ever a woman needed an internal and eternal rest, I was that woman. And it was as plain as day-light that there was no need of a miracle. All I had to do to keep this rest was to use my common sense and keep on the 'yoke,' and keep learning. You see, that's the reason why I won't go to places that used to fret me and tire me out, soul and body. And when I find my temper, or my upsetting sins, is getting the better of me, and I begin to get riled up, I jest stop short and rest. Let me do that starchin.' You see, I aint lookin' for rest in some easy-chair, but it's this inside rest I'm after."—Zion's Herald.

EATING THE CRUST

Did you ever watch a boy eating a piece of pie? He begins at the most inviting point of the triangle with a big bite, two more at the resultant points, then another in the middle and a series of well-directed nibbles and lo! but a rim of crust remains—and it usually continues to remain. When the lad has spent a term or two in college and learned to part his hair in the middle, he will begin to eat pie with a fork, but even then traces of the former habit will be evident in the way he proceeds; he will invariably attack the exposed part first and leave the rim on his plate. At our house it was different; we didn't have pie so very often, and cornbread was so immensely popular in the locality that even the crust of pie was a kind of luxury. More than that, we were given to understand from the beginning of the pie-eating period that the crust had to be eaten sooner or later, and so the childish inclination to leave it on the plate was blighted, and our dogs were denied the shortened bits that fell to the more fortunate lot of their canine neighbors. For myself, I reasoned that, as it must be done some time, it was better to eat the crust first and finish on pie, and to this day the fork in my right hand seeks the left corner of the crusty side of a piece of pie as if by instinct. Now, though this is rather a crusty start, I assure you that the last bite will not be fruitless. That's why I favor starting with the crust—the last bite, then, is always the best.

Boys and girls ought to be trained to eat the crust. They won't do it naturally; if you think they will, try it and see. Nine out of ten will leave it and the other one eats it I don't urge this matter for the crust's sake alone; of course, as an essential part of the pie,, it has rights that ought to go where the pie does. But, aside from sentiments of justice and strict economy, there are good reasons why every person should learn young to eat the crust. It may seem a matter of small importance to parents, and prove to be extremely unpopular with the children, but bear with me a moment till I explain.

In the first place, pies are not the only things that have crust; there is a sheet of it over and a ring of it around will look to see if there is another piece for him before he nearly every thing in this world that's worth having. The only way to avoid getting a slice of it in every deal is to act the hog and cut out the middle. And of course there's always somebody around ready to do that trick, for there will then be more crust and less pie left for the majority. It may be easy enough now, my boy, to slip the dry morsel down a ready sleeve when mother's back is turned, but there are other crusts yet to come, and in pieces too big for the sleeve, like as not. And then crust isn't so bad, after all, unless the taste has been surfeited with too much pie. But I've noticed that we can make a thing seem bad just by dreading it continually for a long time. Pick it up, stick your teeth into it fearlessly, chew it for a long time like you do good things; when the process is finished, smack your lips for a signal to the stomach, and it's gone so quick you forgot to say good-by, and are really kind of sorry.

And I have found it an excellent plan to eat the crusts first too, and in a sensible, matter-of-fact, uncomplaining way. He who surveys the portion allotted to him in life with a considerate eye, contemplates the fragrant custard

and rich light-brown rim, and calmly decides to begin with the crust, will have the joy that comes of anticipation, as well as the satisfaction of swallowing the last bite with a relish and treasuring up a good taste in his mouth. But, on the other hand, the man who cuts a crescent from custard under first impulse, and then clips the remaining flavored sweetness close, will lament his sad lot when nothing but crust remains; he will bite at it in a gingerly fashion, and swallow it with a painful gulp, under protest of a gorged stomach and an outraged taste.

The best index of one's character is the way he eats his crusts in life. Watch him under galling trial; observe how he trims his sail for a contrary breeze; mark the temper of the man when everything goes dead against him for weeks at a stretch. The shrewd observer will not fail to form a fairly correct estimate of the man he sees thus situated. Past training, present capabilities and future prospects will all appear in plain outline if we but watch men as they munch their crusts. I feel sorry for the person who can't endure to have his likings crossed. There is no place for him in this disjointed world, where roses grow on thorny stalks and gooseberries are so sour. I don't mind hearing him grumble; it doesn't hurt me any, but it is hard on him; so sure as fate, whatever he doesn't like will keep on happening oftener and oftener as long as he lives. He'll never pass a brush that won't scratch him, and never step on a banana skin that won't lay him on his back, and none too gently, either; he'll go through life counted an enemy by all his kind, and the few he does love will not find it out till it is too late to do him any good; as long as he lives he'll complain that fate won't let him die, and when he comes to die, he'll be sorry he can't live on, and all because he never learned the knack of eating crust.

It's the crust that gives dignity to the pie, anyway, and makes it worthy of the name. A plate of berries or a flabby custard would fill the bill as well till it came to the eating, and then we'd miss the crust. The things we hate to meet and fear to tackle make up the real backbone of life's discipline. If we see in the distasteful things of our daily experience so many opportunities, God-given perchance, ours to use at least, it clothes life in rich, harmonious colors, and gives to each somber trial a place and meaning of its own. This disposition to leave the crust, inborn, I guess, manifests itself all through life; and we, who long ago in childish caprice, disliked to eat the crust of mother's pie, would often lay aside the less inviting portions of the feast the Father spreads for us. Oh ye blessed providential trials of that happy time, so hard for childish grace to overcome, these later years have brought whole flocks of full-grown hardships, which, had I not known you in your day, I had been but ill-prepared to meet!

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a pie like a poet?—When it is Browning.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily well-informed? Because he is continually taking notes.

Why is a pig's tail like the letter K?—Because it is the end of pork.

Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?—Because it makes pa pay.

Why can we send no more dispatches to Washington?—Because he is dead.

Why is your shadow like a false friend? Because it only follows you in sunshine.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she forms lasses into classes.

What is the difference between the North and the South Poles?—All the difference in the world.

Which is easier to spell—fiddle-de-dee? or fiddle-de-dum?—The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

Why are the complaints of married people like the waves upon the shore?—Because they are the murmurs of the tied (tide).

Why are photographers the most uncivil of all tradesmen?—Because when we ask for a photograph they begin with a negative.

Young People

A BUNCH OF GOLDEN KEYS IS MINE

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.

When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
"I use my little "Thank you" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Oh, if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me" key I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind.
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And such a happy child I'll be.

—Exchange.

THE BOY WITH THE HOODOO.

"I can't find my cap!" whined Tom Dace, as he ransacked the sitting-room in a hasty search. "I believe somebody hid it!"

"I've lost that composition I wrote last night!" wailed Ted, Tom's twin brother, as he tossed books and papers helter skelter over the table.

"Hurry up, boys," called their father from the porch, "and Dr. Joyce will take you to school in his auto. He's waiting at the corner."

"I can't go bareheaded," groaned Tom.

"I'll miss the ball game if I'm kept in to write that old composition!" whimpered Ted. "Mamma, please come help us!"

But mamma was mixing a cake, and couldn't join the hunt. Five minutes, ten minutes, passed, and the doctor could wait no longer.

"You'll have to foot it, boys, and it's drizzling rain," informed father, coming into the hall for his umbrella. "Billy Harper got Dr. Joyce's vacant seat, just as he gets most everything else that comes his way."

"Here's my cap in my coat pocket!" announced Tom.

"Where you hid it, my son?"

"Yes, papa," he faltered.

"And here's my composition in my scratch tablet!" cried Ted. "I forgot I didn't tear it out after I wrote it."

"So you were the somebody that lost, my boy! Hurry, boys, you will be late for school. You can walk with me as far as the park."

"And Billy got our places in the auto!" said Tom, in an abused tone.

"And the doctor took him home three times last week, and Mr. Gray drove him to school in his buggy Monday. It's mean in Billy to have everything!" and Ted's voice matched Tom's in the accusation against Billy.

"And Billy," continued Ted, complainingly, gets half of all the apples and oranges at school, and teacher lets him go on all her errands, and he just naturally gets more than he orter, papa!"

"Maybe Billy carried a hoodoo, boys," suggested papa.

"A hoodoo!" exclaimed Tom. "Why, that's a negro conjure, to make folks do what they like!"

"Yes, but Billy's not that kind."

"Aunt Dilly, our washerwoman, carries a grave-yard rabbit's foot in her pocket, for luck!" cried Ted. "Maybe Billy has one."

"I think not, son. My old black mammy never went without her hoodoo ball, made of toad eyes, lizard tongues, snake teeth, and a lot more foolish things, but that isn't what Billy carries. That boy's using a genuine hoodoo to make things come his way, and it's going to boost him to the top of the ladder, some day."

"Can't we have one, too, papa?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Certainly."

"Where can we get it?"

"You combine—But no—it will be better for you to watch Billy and get the secret direct from him."

"Is that why Billy's so lucky, papa," asked Ted.

"I suspect so, son. Billy's mother is a widow, and works for a living, and Billy has to work, too. It can't beh is position.And he isn't any better looking than either of you, is he?"

"He's snub-nosed and freckled," said Tom. "But everybody likes him, and teacher helps him like she was tickled to death to do it."

"It's because of the hoodoo," declared papa. "Watch him boys, and see why it is that he gets so many rides and so many divides of good things, and stands in with the teacher. It's a combination hoodoo, I'm thinking, and you two must use your ears and eyes to catch up with this sly Billy."

"We'll watch him like a hawk," promised Tom.

"And you watch, too, papa, so you can help us find out quick," suggested Ted.

"All right, boys. We'll combine forces and unearth this hoodoo secret before you can say 'Jack Robinson!' I must leave you here. Goodby! Remember, you're to be detectives today!"

We will," they chorused.

Tom and Ted brought in their report at supper time.

"We hounded Billy like sleuths today, papa," said Tom, "and he didn't use the sign of a hoodoo!"

"Were any favors shown him today?"

"Yes, sir.Teacher helped him with a hard example at recess," said Ted.

"Why did she do it?"

"He asked her."

"How?"

"Oh, just in his grinny old way, like he always does!"

"When she helped him, what did he say?"

"He thanked her, pleasant-like, and said somthing about her making things so plain."

"And she gave him a big slice of cake when she ate lunch, and I didn't see any hoodoo, either," supplemented Ted.

"That's wonderful, boys. What else came his way today?"

"Mr. Moore called Billy, as we were passing his store, said Tom, "and asked him to ride out to the factory with him and hold his horse, and he would drive him by home."

"Did Billy do it?"

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Moore gave him a quarter, and he got home before we did. Seems like Billy's always riding 'round and getting paid for most nothing."

"And you saw no hoodoo?"

"No, sir."

"Watch again, boys, and listen sharp! You'll catch on in time."

The daily reports of Billy continued for a week, with little variation. Things went his way as by magic, and still Tom and Ted failed to see why. One morning the twins were going through their own querulous skirmish after misplaced books, caps and pencils, their father called them to the porch.

"There's that hoodoo boy, Billy, coming down the street, and Dr. Joyce turning the corner in his auto. Watch and see billy use his hoodoo, and get a ride."

Bill was walking briskly and whistling as merrily as a robin. He stopped on seeing the doctor, and, raising his cap, called out a respectful, cheery, "Good morning!"

"Come, jump in and ride, Billy!" invited the roctor.

"Thank you doctor! you're so kind!" and Billy's face rivaled a ray of sunshine on a foggy day.

"Did you see it?" asked papa.

"Didn't see any hoodoo—and doctor didn't ask us!" wailed Tom.

"Were you ready?"

"No, sir."

"Why was Billy invited to ride?"

"He was there when doctor started."

"That's part of his hoodoo! On time! Prompt, Polite, and Pleasant! Billy combines three 'P's' for hoodoo! When a boy falls into the habit of being behind time, and growling about the things he's mislaid, and forgets to be thankful for small favors—why, he's in need of a hoodoo to help him along. Who wants to try Billy's combination?"

"I'll try it, papa," responded Tom.

"Me, too, papa," chimed in Ted.

—Baptist Boys and Girls

CHARACTER—A BUSINESS ASSET.

The story is told of a young merchant in a Southern town who had very little capital, but whose credit was so good with the banks that he was able to get all the funds needed for backing his business. A visitor asked how it was possible. The young man answered frankly: "The banks know that I am a man of my word, and my father was before me. When I say I will be at the bank to-morrow morning at eleven with one thousand dollars, they know I will be there at ten fifty-five. I am a part of this town. I was born here, and my wife and children are here, and I expect to die here. The man I bought this business from was not as honest as he might have been. I worked for him, but, at the same time, I pro-

tected the banks with which we did business."

The visitor had the curiosity to inquire furhter among the towns-people, and found that the honest merchant had worked for an employer who owed the banks over two thousand dollars, and had no intention of paying it. At one time, however, the young employe know that the owner of the business had more than that sum in an outside bank. He therefore notified the banks to which the money was owing that it would be paid within a specified time. Before that time came, the dishonest employer drew out the money and went off on a spree. The young man considered that he had promised it would be paid, and that it must be done. He therefore borrowed the money himself, on his own personal note, and paid the banks in full.

Whe the business came on the market, banks helped the young merchant to buy it on credit, and continued to back him up.They considered that a character like this was worth, as a credit asset, a great many thousand dollars. They were entirely justified by the result, and as one of the bank presidents said, "They only wished they could get more like him."

All over the United States, to-day, young men are starting in business, and need all the assests they can muster.But the biggest asset is always the young man's own character, pluck, energy, scrupulous intergrity—these are the negotiable securities, so to speak, of the young business aspirant. Without the last one, the other two are of little account. Time after time a man may have a fine business chance close to his hand, and yet some veteran in the financial field will shake his head and say: "He will not do. He has been in this or that questionable trade. He is tricky. We cannot afford to back him," and the opportunity goes to a man, instead, whose character is an asset on the balance sheet. "Honesty is the best policy," is an ancient saying. It embodies the experience of the whole world. The young man who is too smart to be quite honest is on the way to loss of credit and solid success.—Ex.

A CHANGEABLE LITTLE MAID.

I know a little bright-eyed maid,
  Whose moods now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather vane,
  In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
  Her rougish smile remark,
Are wont with pleased accord to say,
  "She's happy as a—lark."

Yet oftentimes, I grieve to add,
  If vexed by hurt or care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
  As cross as any—bear.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
  Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus,
  "You silly little—goose!"

Throughout the day her active form
  First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
  As busy as a—bee.

At last when evening shadows fall
  And silence rules the house,
In slumberland she rests at ease,
  As quiet as a—mouse.

How she can be at once a goose,
  And on the selfsame day
A mouse, a lark, a bee and bear,
  Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
  Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else
  She's just a little—dear.

—St. Nicholas.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The regular time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Publishing Company of the Pacific having passed, a special meeting for the election of directors will be held in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco at 2 p. m., on Wednesday, March 3, 1909.

WALTER FREAR, Secretary.

Generals handled armies upon the field of battle, but Lincoln in the kindest, truest, and most personal way directed the generals. This statement is well illustrated in the following letter which he sent to General Hooker at the time he appointed him commander in the place of General Burnsides. Mr. Lincoln writes: "I have placed you at the head of the army of the Potamac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not indispensible quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnsides' command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up as dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I will assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, were he alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness! Beware of rashness! But with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

What surprises one is the amazing frankness with which Lincoln deals with his problems. Lincoln was cautious, wise, and careful, but absolutely sincere. He knew "Fighting Joe Hooker" and in the light of subsequent events it is clear that Mr. Lincoln put his finger on the weak spot in General Hooker's personality.

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The kindest thing in the kindest way."